MARSHALL FIELD

JOHN ARCHIBALD MORISON

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TO

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD

"Know ye not that there is a prince and
a great man fallen"

First Presbyterian Church, Chicago, Illinois

January 21, 1906

Gift of Mrs. E.W. Blatchford, Chicago JAN 25 20

An Appreciation

When Edmund Burke died, Canning declared, "there is but one event, but it is the event of the world, 'Burke is dead.'"

These terse words are singularly appropriate to the sad circumstances of the past week from whatever standpoint we view them—

Whether as members of this Church, which for long years was the spiritual home of Marshall Field, or as citizens of this mighty city of Chicago, whose energy and influence is felt throughout the world, or as members of that world-wide confederation of humanity dwelling in many different lands, yet bound together by bonds Divinely forged and sealed—with all to-day there is one thought that is uppermost in mind and heart, Marshall Field is dead.

It is a time to mourn:

Sorrow has melted the walls that divide class from class in city and nation, and everywhere is heard the voice of the mourner, whispering with broken accents of grief, saying, "We know that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day." The pulpit of this church, in which for so many years

Marshall Field worshipped, and whose interests as a trustee he so long promoted, may not be silent at this time with regard to his princely life.

Yet, how difficult it is to speak! Sorrow fills the heart and seems to have paralyzed the power of thought and drowned the fountains of utterance with grief's solemn tides.

We gather as it were in the darkness beside the margin of that vast mysterious sea over which his spirit has gone. We gaze across its dark waters whose secrets awe our hearts with solemn mystery. We cannot discern the other shore whither his pure spirit has passed, and from him no word comes back to tell us

> "Whether at all they be,
> Whether as bond or free,
> Or whether they, too, as we,
> Or by what way they have sped."

With us is the darkness and a sense of loss—
The sagacious man,
The captain of industry,
The generous philanthropist,
The loyal and distinguished friend,
has gone, to return no more.

It is dark, indeed; yet this darkness here and there is driven back by those lights, never to be extinguished, which his own hands had kept trimmed and burning. Brightest among those shining lamps burns the light of his fidelity to duty.

The long roll of earth's heroes, whose loyalty to duty has lifted up their statues in the temple of fame, contains no more conspicuous impressive name than that of Marshall Field. With him the sense of duty was imperial.

The greatest German thinker of the last century, Immanuel Kant, used frequently to say that there were two things which filled him with ever increasing wonder and awe the more he contemplated them—the starry heavens above and moral law within. He examined that moral law, that voice which seems to speak with authority the meaning of the words ought and ought not, and as he examined it he came to the conclusion that it spoke with the voice of God, and he said that he was prepared, dispensing with all other arguments, to rest the proof of God, His existence, His truth, His power upon that one authoritative fact in every man's consciousness that we call duty.

Marshall Field saw his duty and did it, quickly and surely, unostentatiously and successfully.

The courage, perseverance, and skill with which he attacked and conquered the herculean tasks of his life sprang from nothing else than the principle and conviction of duty.

The sense of duty rose with him every morning, companioned with him throughout his busiest day and guarded his slumbers at night.

It was co-extensive with the action of his intelligence.

Like a shadow it followed him wherever he went, nor did it leave him at death but passed with him unto the land beyond where duty receives its benediction and its reward. In this lofty conception of duty we behold the key to the character and career of our late foremost citizen.

Well may we all, and more especially the young, bring our unread volumes of destiny and learn what our duty is by the light that streams upon their pages from his shining example.

As has been so well said of him by Mr. McCutcheon: "A man who by legitimate means builds up a great fortune, in the acquirement of which he has never lost the confidence and trust of his fellow men; whose business triumph has not been by means of financial trickery or the evasion of his

country's laws; about whose fortune (unlike many other great American fortunes) there has never been a suspicion of taint.

A man whose name is synonymous with business honor and integrity; whose faith in Chicago ever has been steadfast and true, whose life will be a beacon light to guide future generations to honorable success."

We may lay his mortal remains to rest in mother earth, and over them we may plant the cypress and weeping willow watered by a nation's tears, but above these symbols of sorrow shall there burn with undimmed lustre and imperishable glory that star of duty by which he was guided, and the following of which will bring honor and success to the faithful and courageous of our land and city.

As we thus read life's possibilities by the light that keeps vigil over his tomb, our grief is in a measure assuaged, and we realize as never before how poor this world would be without the mausoleums of her mighty dead.

The distinguished men who with toil of head and heart and hands have pressed forward and upward through the long gorge of time and have won the far light beyond.

Who have outstripped us in the race and have found the lofty crags of duty close upon the table lands of God.

It may be said of him as it has been of Lincoln, "The more the man as he was is known, the more completely an insight is obtained into his true character, the more his private and public life is studied, the more carefully his acts are weighed, the higher will he rise in the estimation of all whose esteem is desirable.

Coming years will detract naught from him. He has passed into history.

There's no lover of honesty and integrity, no admirer of firmness and resolution, no sympathizer with conscientious conviction, no friend of man need fear to leave" —

Marshall Field.

We long shall miss thee as we go our ways.
The home will miss thee from its broken band.
Full many a tear will tell thy sober praise
And all good works will miss thy helping hand.

And yet—Good-bye—Good-bye—thou faithful soul
From toil and trouble thou hast earned release.
Thy weary feet are resting at the goal
The pain of living ended in God's peace.

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